

We'll Make It

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Summary: Psychiatric Hospital AU. Lucas, Zay&Smackle are new to John Quincy Adam's Psychiatric Ward, and they meet; Riley, Maya&Farkle who have been there for a long time. FRIENDSHIPS form as the group learns more about each other.

## 1. So We Meet

The day was going as you'd expect in a Psychiatric Hospital, but something different was happening today and the news spread around the place pretty quickly. One of the wards in another state has been put out of commission and seeing as there was space in the John Quincy Adam's Psychiatric Ward some of the patients were coming here. Apparently a few of them also needed to have rooms to themselves, though it's not something new that they've heard of, it is something rare to be happening. Soon lunch time rolled around and it was clear to see who the newer people were. They all seemed to be grouped in one part of the cafeteria, though; a group of three were sitting smack dab in the middle of the floor. A girl with long black hair was sitting next to a tall blond boy, and a boy with a dark complexion sat on the other side of the other male. The girl seemed to be to be eating her food in a certain way; it didn't seem to bother the males with her. With a tray with just an apple on it, a brunette male walked up to them with a smile upon his lips. He then gave a little wave after sitting there for a bit and seeing no visible bad reaction from either of new comers. Over came two girls; one was pretty tall and brunette and the other was clearly shorter and very blonde. The blonde gave a smile before pulling out a sketchbook from under her tray of food; she had quickly scribbled something down and put her pencil down.

"Hey, I'm Farkle and these are my friends." The male greeted the trio across from him, a small smile upon his lips as he picked up the apple from his tray. His hands rolling the red fruit between them as he looked towards the other's situated across from him.

"I am Riley." The brunette female spoke as she picked up her fork and

moved the piece of chicken on her plate a bit before she cut off a bit and took a bite. She then gave a glance towards the blonde female, nudging her a little in the side.

The blonde looked up from her notebook from where she had been doing some doodling all while picking up some of the grapes from her bowl. Putting down the pencil she picked up the book and turned it to face the newer group at the table. On the piece of paper was written '\_I'm Maya\_.' Written in a nice handwriting, it wasn't hard to read.

The blonde male gave nod of his head, smiling at the others. "Nice to meet you guys. I am Lucas." He replied, a southern accent seemed to be present in his voice. He then pointed towards the girl next to him; "This is Isadora Smackle, though she does seem to prefer to go by Smackle so that is what we call her. And-"

Before Lucas could even point to the boy next to him, the other had grinned hugely and said "I'm Zay. And what you're doing with that apple is pretty cool." His eyes wondering to Farkle as the apple freely moved from hand to hand. It was like he was the Goblin King and the apple was the crystal ball. "You Jared or something?"

Farkle let out a small laugh, "No I'm not a Goblin King, I just like moving it between my hands. It's a nice feeling." Plus, it's a habit he has picked up from playing with his food, it just moves freely in his hands as he talks with others and watches as they eat. Smackle and Maya ate their food in silence, while Zay started a conversation with the others. At times he'd pick food off of Lucas plate, and Lucas wouldn't say a thing just continue on with the conversation that was happening. The group talked until everyone's plates were clean, though Farkle had left his apple on his tray. They had all headed towards the recreation room, with the exception of Riley who had an appointment with her therapist. She told them she's be in there within the hour.

## 2. I'm With You

Riley walked into the small office, a small sigh leaving her lips as she noticed her therapist wasn't there yet. He was always a little bit late, but only ever by a minute and as she took her seat in he comes a smile upon his face as he saw her in the seat in front of his desk.

"Thank you for coming Riley." He spoke with a smile as he took his seat and pulled out her file, something he's read a few hundred times but he always gets it out as well as a pen and notepad to take notes of the session.

"I have to Mr Matthews. You are my therapist and I still find it weird how we share the same last name." She replied as she leaned back in the chair, picking a bit at the hem of white shirt she was wearing. It was really weird, when she was first assigned to him she thought it was really some kind of joke but no, her therapist actually did share the same last name but there was no relation.

"Riley, I have told you to call me Cory." Cory said before pulling out a piece of paper from her file. "Today's session is about trying to get you to talk about that day. They day you before you were sent

here."

Sucking in a breath and letting it out, of course it was. He always tried to get this story out of her, but he only ever got bits and pieces. And it was always the same ones because that was all she ever cared to tell him about. She purses her lips a little before tilting her head lightly. "Why were you assigned to me?"

It was his turn to let out a sigh. "I specialise in those struggling with depression and suicidal thoughts, of which you have. You know this; I've told you each time you ask to avoid this subject. Riley, what was going on that day especially or was it something you had been planning is what we need to find out."

"Sorry, I don't want to tell you." Riley replied, "Can we just have another one of our normal sessions. You ask how I am doing and I tell you, then you tell me one of your crazy stories?" She questioned as she looked up at the male behind the desk who frowned a little, but he caved and asked her how she was.

\_The wind was cold and the stars were out. Not that you could see much of them with all the skylines in the way of the sky. But in a twisted way it made it look beautiful, in a way. It was late at night and there is a shadowy figure upon the edge of the bridge. It's hard to make out what it is, but as you get closer you see that it's a girl. She was very young girl who was standing there; her hand holding herself up by the beam of the bridge. Her eyes are full of a deep sadness as they look to the water below her. The water ripples every now and then but that is the only movement it makes as she watches. Taking in a deep breath she dares to dangle a foot off of the edge, it was just a few moments before it rested back with her other at the edge. Using her hand that was free, she wiped at the tears that had formed in her eyes.\_

\_On her way to the bridge she had bumped into this girl, she had blonde hair and a weak smile. In her heart, she knew that girl was who she should give her things too and that is what she did. She handed the box full of her items to the girl before leaving on her task. The box hadn't contained much but it contained what she had deemed important to herself and didn't want her parents to have or sell. Not that they would care, no. Why would they truly care about her when they struggle to be proud of her? They give her younger brother more attention, they won't even miss her. All these thoughts have been running through her mind. No one would miss the goofy clumsy girl from school. She'll just become a distant memory and that is all she'll ever be. The one they loved to laugh about as they watched her in the halls.\_

\_Maybe that's why no one had noticed her lately, they haven't had her to laugh at lately so if she's not being laughed at, she's just not there. Because she has noticed within herself that she's been faking her image to everyone, been giving them the personality they thought was her. But she had grown tired of putting up the charade and she disappeared into the darkness that plagued her mind.\_

\_Ten minutes had passed since she stood up upon the bridge's edge. Ten minutes of staring into the calm water, as a war rages on in her head. She is still for another few minutes, trying to get an answer from the debate within her head. She needs the winner, declare the winner, she just wants an end to this cluster storm in her mind. It

just needs to \_\_\*\*stop\*\*\_\_. But before she could even start to act on the words in her head, she hears sirens. They blare around her and someone starts to talk to her, it was a cop. They try to coax her off of the bridge but it doesn't work, what does she have to live for? Nothing? No one cares about her.\_

\_"\_\_I care. Please, don't do this. We can become friends, I promise if you come down." Came a voice, the voice sounded as though it was from someone around her age. Brown eyes tried to find who said the words but she couldn't find the person but she did decide to maybe give it a shot. She'll give anything a go once. But it was a bad choice for her as she never meets the speaker, and was sent to the hospital of an evaluation. And of course her parents had been called; she had been sitting in the waiting room as her parents talked with the doctor. Then, the next thing she knew she was sent to John Quincy Adam's Psychiatric Ward.\_

The session time ran to an end, Riley stood up before she could be dismissed and headed start for the door. Only to be stopped by Cory telling her when she is next scheduled to have time with him. She gave a nod of her head before heading towards the recreation room.

### 3. Out on the Bridge

Riley had walked into the rec room and was about to talk to Maya when Maya's therapist walked in. The woman walked up to the group and asked for the blonde to come with her. And of course Maya picked up her sketch pad and followed behind the brunette woman. The blonde followed her therapist to her office, Maya liked the office it gave her a nice homey feeling. Something she hasn't felt in a long time, she honestly liked her time with Topanga. Taking their usual seats, Maya handed over her notebook. Seeing as she doesn't speak, Topanga ask of Maya to draw and honestly that just makes the girl love it. It was using something she's actually good at and she doesn't force her to speak. The brunette woman flipped through the notebook, carefully looking over the last image before turning it to face the artist.

"Is this when you last spoke?" She asked, brown eyes looking at the drawing of a girl standing on the edge of a bridge. That was what this week's drawing was to be of, the last time Maya had spoken. Maya gave a light nod of her head in response. "Is this girl you?"

Maya shook her head; no it wasn't her in the picture. It was a stranger she had helped off a bridge just by speaking. She never met the girl, nor does she think she would ever.

"Did you know her?" The blonde shook her head. "Did you help her?" A nod and Topanga smiled a little.

\_It was a cold night, but that didn't bother the blonde as she walked the streets late at night. Her mother was too busy working and well she had no father to look after her. She knows that's why her mother works so much. Someone needs to provide for the little girl that roams the cramped apartment. The cool breeze was something she was use too, and it provided her with some kind of calmness. Walking down an alley the blonde bumped into a girl, she couldn't make out much about the girl but she had noticed the sadness within her eyes. It

was something she's seen in her mother's eyes and in her own when she captures her reflection. A weak smile spread across her lips towards the other, she wanted to give her a smile because you never know what a smile can do to another. But it was hard for her to give a genuine smile nowadays. They were about to go their separate ways when the taller girl had given her a box before disappearing into the night.\_

\_The blonde looked through the box and it didn't take her long to figure out \_\_\*\*why\*\*\_\_ the other had given it to her. Eyes widened in shock before she ran in the direction that she had witnessed the other go in. It was clear she was heading towards the bridge; the broken girl knew her way around the city and knew where the turns the girl was taken would lead her. She stopped by a payphone and called 911, using the only app she has on the phone her mother got her so that they could communicate with to tell the operator what she knew was going to go down. After hanging up she made her way towards the bridge herself, and just before she got there a couple of police cars did.\_

\_Running the blonde used her phone to talk to one of the cops, managing to get them to let her speak she bit her lip before sliding her phone into her pocket. Taking in a deep breath she was going to do something she hasn't done since she was seven years old. Something she hasn't done since her father left her and her mother alone, barely surviving in the cruel world. "I care. Please, don't do this. We can become friends, I promise if you come down." Her words were genuine as she spoke them; her voice was a little shaky due to not having used in a long time, and because of what she was scared of happening. \_

\_A \_\_\*\*real\*\*\_\_ smile spread across her lips as the stranger turned around and climbed down from the bridge but it faded as the girl was brought into a police car and taken away. She was taken away from her and she wouldn't be able to keep up on her promise. And that hurt the blonde, not being able to keep her promise. That was the first time in a long time she has spoken, and it was used against her. That had then been the last time that she has spoken. \_

"Thank you Maya. I hope you make some friends with the new set of teens that have come in." Topanga said before handing the blonde her notebook back with a smile. "This weeks drawing is to be of how this; the new kids coming to John Quincy Adams makes you feel."

With that Maya was dismissed, she stood up and smiled at the woman before leaving with her sketchbook held tightly in her grip as she hugged it.

#### 4. Nobody Knows

\_Everyone at school knew of him, word had spread around quickly about the boy. The nerdy boy who got overly excited about school and would pass out in the middle of the class if he talked to long about the subject. Rumours had been quick to spread around the school, many things about him. No one really wanted to be his friend; no one liked the science loving boy. Oh, but once they found out about his money situation that changed. But the brunette was smart and knew right off the bat that they didn't really want to be his friend for the sake of being friends; he knew that they wanted the money and gifts that

would have come from being the rich nerdy kid's friend. So it was safe to say he didn't make any friends, which is why it took so long for \_\_\*\*any\*\*\_\_one to figure out that there was something wrong with him.\_

\_It was hard to notice the problem because he's always been a little on the thinner side of things, so as months went by and his thin frame slowly wasted away as he went on no one noticed a thing. His parents were hardly ever home so it was easy to hide the fact that he didn't eat. His sister's, unlike him had friends so that was where they went most of their time instead of the huge empty apartment. His bedroom was huge and he slept on a king sized bed since the day he turned the age of five. Being alone in the place didn't make things any easier on him; it made him feel lonelier than ever before.\_

\_He was great at hiding anything and everything. From that one bottle of liquor he had pinched from his father's cabinet to his disappearing act. Quiet as a mouse, he roamed the place as if he were a stranger. At night he would stay up with his curtains open so that he could let the light from moon shine through, sometimes he'd even get out one of his camera's to take a photo of the beauty from outside. Tonight was one of those nights, the camera held in his hands as his blue eyes stared out into the busy street. It amazed him at how busy the streets still were when night fell. A sigh left his lips as he took one last photo of the speeding cars below.\_

\_ "Hun?" A soft voice spoke from the entrance of his room, making the young teen turn to face the woman in the doorway. His mother was home, but why was she up at this time of the night? He didn't bother to ask, he just gave her a shrug and went to sit upon his bed. His mother following suit and sat next to him. "What is wrong?"\_

\_ "Nothing is wrong mother." It was lie, everything was wrong but he won't ever admit that aloud because that means \_\_\*\*he\*\*\_\_ is wrong and he didn't like being wrong.\_

\_His mother went and wrapped around her son's shoulders, but as she had done so a frown formed upon her lips. Something about doing so felt different. "You are eating right?" She questioned, she feared for her son's health as she stood up in front of him. Her eyes glazing over him as she noted the difference from the last time she was properly home.\_

\_The next words out of his mouth were a lie, and it seemed like his mother knew it because that was when she started to tear up. She told him that he wasn't going to go to school tomorrow, that he was going to go to the doctors and he had no say in it. And he really couldn't argue back because for the first time in a long time, she showed that she \_\_\*\*cared\*\*\_\_ about him and some part of him liked it. It had made him feel a little bit better about himself; a little is the keyword because it went away just as quickly by the time morning rolled around and his mother took him to the doctors. \_

"Farkle, your sisters are here today but you know the conditions' on seeing them." The blonde woman said with a sad smile, it was almost like she didn't like the conditions set. Actually she has expressed that she hadn't liked them to his parents when they set them. But she couldn't do anything about it but follow them.

He bit his lip a little bit as he walked beside his therapist, he knew she had to follow his parents wants otherwise they were going to get him a new one, and he liked her. She was great and talked about anything that he wanted too. "I had some breakfast, some toast. Riley was with me." And so was Maya but she didn't speak so he didn't recommend her.

"Okay, here we are. I'll buzz them in." His therapist spoke with a smile as she headed towards the other side of the room while Farkle went and took a seat at one of the tables. She came back with his sister's behind her. "Half an hour. I'll be back when it is up, and Farkle we'll schedule our next meet up."

"Yes Katy. Thank you." The brunette boy said before looking at his sister's with a smile upon his lips, and Katy left the room.

## 5. He Is Gone

He was told his mother had come down from Texas to see him, and how his first day in the new place was going so he made his way to the area in which visitors were allowed. His mother was apparently already there, so he didn't need to wait for his therapist to come with him. The blond walked in and saw Farkle sitting at a table with a couple of girls at the same table. But something was new, he had glasses on. Shrugging it off he went over to his mother who was sitting at a table near the entrance.

"Hey son, how are you coping with being in here?" She asked as he sat down with her, his hand's sitting folded in front of him. A small smile upon his lips as he gave a light nod of his head. "I'm going to take that as a good signâ€|hasâ€|you know."

"No Mama, he hasn't. This is only my first day here, I don't think he's be showing. It's calm here." He replied as his avoided looking at his mother. He didn't like talking about that part himself, mainly because half the time he doesn't even \_remember\_ any of it.

\_There was a loud noise coming from the school gym. It sounded as though things were breaking or being chucked across the room. It was like there was a fight going on in there but if you were to look inside you'd only find the teenager alone in the room. Everyone had scattered out of the room the minute he chucked the first weight across the room, gladly no one was hurt. The gym teacher tried to calm the boy down, but it didn't work. He didn't responded to his name, in fact he said when he did responded to the name he replied with; "He's not here."\_

\_The teacher left the room, locking the angry teenager in the room before leaving to call the authorities as well as the boy's parents. It was his mother who had made it to the school first; she was confused as to what was going on. Why had she been called into the school? What was wrong with her son? Was he in trouble? She knew he had a small anger problem but he always told her that he had it under control. When she arrived, she was automatically led straight to the gym all while being told of the situation on hand. No, that couldn't be her son in there. No it couldn't have been.\_

\_The teacher unlocked the door and backed away from the door, leaving

the woman to open the door. As she did, her jaw dropped as she saw the mess of the room and in the middle of the room was her son. But something was different about him; the way he held his body was unusual. It was not how he carried himself; his stature now was that of something with a cocky sense of confidence. The boy in front of her was him, but at the same time it wasn't her baby boy.\_

\_"\_\_Mother you are here, where is father? Oh wait; he's not our father is he." The teen retorted when he saw the woman in the room. A sadistic smile placed upon his lips as he walked himself closer to her, stopping just in front of her. His arms went to rest across his chest as he waited for a reply from the woman who fell silent. "Did you really think you could have kept that from us?"\_

\_"\_\_Us? L-" She started to ask before she was cut off by his words.\_

\_"\_\_He isn't here; he's safe though from all your lies mother."\_

\_"\_\_If you are not him, then who are you."\_

\_"\_\_Austin. Can't you tell? Or am I not your precious L-"\_

\_"\_\_Stop. What is going on here? Is this really â€" She started but once again was cut off, but not by his words, but more so that of the way his body shifted and he tilted his head as he looked at his mother.\_

\_He blinked a few times before shaking his head a little. "Mama? What are you doing here?" His green eyes went to look around the room, his jaw dropped and his eyes widened at seeing the destruction all around. "What happened here?"\_

\_But she couldn't say a word as a police officer walked in and handcuffed the teen. That only caused more confusion to the young boy, what was going on? Why was he being handcuffed and taken away? Why was there a crowd around the place as he was being escorted to the car out front?\_

"That is good to hear, I will try my best to see you every month. Just like the other one." His mother said with a small smile as she gave her son's hand a squeeze.

"I love you Mama."

"I love you too son. Please talk to your therapist if you feel him coming back." Lucas just replied with a nod of his head, and a light sigh before he asked about how his horse was going back home.

## 6. Don't Change

A few days rolled around and the six become friends, or well if that is if you want to put a label on it. They seemed to always be together, but the trio that's been there the longest have noticed something's about newest trio's behaviour towards each other. The two speak to Lucas with a set volume in their voice, not ever going higher or lower even if the room was a little too loud for them to be

speaking. They never changed their volume. They had also noticed that Lucas \_always\_ sat in between the other two, and whenever Zay would steal a thing off of Lucas' plate he wouldn't say anything just continue on with whatever was going on at the table. He wouldn't even tell Zay to stop bouncing his leg against his. Riley sat down in between the two this time, as Lucas was off with his therapist.

"No. That is Lucas' seat." Smackle said as she turned her head to look at the tall brunette, adjusting the glasses on her face. She did it a few times before stopping.

Riley tilted her head slightly, there weren't assigned seats as far as she knew. "Why? Why does he always sit between you two? Why not switch it up like me, Farkle and Maya do?"

"Zay picks food off of my plate if he sits next to me and I don't like sitting anyone's left side. Lucas sits there, not you." Her words had come a little harsh, that wasn't the girl's intention when she spoke to the other. But Smackle had gotten use to this familiar routine of having Lucas sit next to her and no one else. In fact, she wasn't even scheduled to move into this Ward, but she started to panic the moment she found out that the other two were going to a different ward then her. It took a lot of work for the people sorting out the moving of patients to get it so that the trio weren't going to be split but it finally got the girl calmer. But only a little calmer, it took the two boys to calm her down fully.

\_"\_\_Smackle, we have sorted you to go to Hallen's Psychiatric Ward." Her therapist said with a smile upon his lips as he looked at her. His smile was warming, he watched as her fingers tap against the chair's armrest, once, twice, three times. One finger at a time until they were all done, her hand then laying flat against the rest. It was something that she did when she thought over something, if it hasn't gone through her head fully, the process of her fingers would repeat. \_

\_"\_\_Okay, so that is where Lucas and Zay are going and of course you." The girl spoke with a soft smile, they had to be going with her right? They were part of her routine that she just couldn't deal with cutting out.\_

\_"\_\_Sorry Smackle, they have been transfused to John Adams Quincy Psychiatric Ward. They will be going to New York actually, while you are still going to be here in Texas." He replied, his eyes widening as he noticed that she was shaking her head.\_

\_"\_\_No. No. No. They can't. They can't. They can't." She repeated over and over. She was dealing with the having to move wards; she was dealing with being \_\_\*\*in\*\*\_\_ a ward instead of her home. But she cannot deal with that. Her body started to rock back and forth in her seat while her therapist started to make a call, leaving the room only to go find the two boys she's grown attached too. They always seemed to be able to help her out of one of her panics then any professional could, her therapist put it down to the bond they've developed. \_

\_When he walked back in, the two boys were situated near the door as a call came into the office. He took the call before letting out a sigh of relief. Ending the call, he walked to stand in front of the girl before he said. "Smackle, Isadora. Isadora. You can go with

them; we are making it so you can go to John Adams Quincy Psychiatric Ward okay."\_

\_Hearing the words she stopped her repeating of words and that was when her therapist moved and allowed the boys to come in. They moved in front of the girl, giving her a smile. "Hey, we'll never be apart. No one can break this friendship."\_

\_"\_No one can stop the three musketeers." The other replied with a huge grin plastered across his face as he looked at his friend in her seat. They just talked to her until she had calmed down enough to be let out of the office and to her room.\_

"Riley, just move, I think Maya wants to have a conversation with you today." Farkle said, which was met with a nod of Maya's head as she grabbed out the tiny whiteboard she has recently been given. As to not waste any more paper and that way she keeps her journals for her drawings only. Reluctantly the girl stood up and went to sit next to the blonde.

## 7. Racing

\_His mind was always racing, the medication the doctors gave him never seemed to work that well. And when his mind raced, his actions become reckless and have gotten him in trouble a lot. So much that his parents worried about his safety and didn't know what to do with him anymore. They had asked around about what to do with the problem, eventually they decided to send him to Hansberg Ward. They had been told there he would learn to control the impulses and they believed it and sent their son to the place. \_

\_The funny thing is that for the first week he was in the place, he was completely still and didn't really speak. Maybe it was due to him feeling neglected by those who are suppose to care about him, but it another week later when he ventured out of his room and befriended they guy who slept in the room next to him. And once that friendship grew, he began to talk a lot and his mind began to race once again and he relaxed in the environment. \_

\_He could never keep still; some part of his body had to move in some form. Like at lunch; he would steal food off of those who sat next to him. He has only found one person not to mind this, the guy he first made friends with. He made friends with a girl, though she doesn't like sitting next to him at lunch and he's okay with that. He understands she has things that she can't control, just like he has things he can't control. So that they could keep the friendships he had developed he decided to not sit next to her but have their friend in the middle. Which was also good because he never seemed bothered by the always moving mouth or limbs that he had limited control over.

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\_His parents barely visited him anymore now that he's seventeen. He is sure he screwed up and that is why they don't want to visit him, not that he can't understand because there are days where he wish he could be normal, where the pills would work and he would be living with them and getting himself the education he wants. But we can't always plan for what happens in their lives and he's slowly grown to accept this.\_

Zay was sitting next to Maya, watching as she drew in her notebook. Questions flying out of his mouth about it, yeah he knew she won't reply but that doesn't stop the questions from falling out of his mouth. Maya didn't seem to mind it as she just continued on drawing. Lucas had come in moments later, greeting the others with a smile before taking a seat and striking up a conversation with Smackle. They talked about things you'd hear in a school hall or classroom.

Zay tries to listen in and concentrate but his mind won't let him do so, so he doesn't bother much when they talk like that. A light music started to play through the recreation room, a smile spread across Zay's face as he pushed himself up and started to dance the music that played. If anything could keep him focused it was dancing and music, well mainly music. Lucas and Smackle smiled when they saw their friend prancing around the room before going back to their talk, Farkle joining in on it moments later when Riley and Maya started a silent conversation.

End  
file.